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Editors

JOHN ERSKINE

HAROLD KELLOCK

H. G. ALSBERG

J. S. BÜHLER, *Business Manager*

Associate Editors

J. R. KNAPP

E. B. MITCHELL

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A Dream of a Day

Love came over the hills one day
 With step as free as a woodland fawn,
 And the flowers opened along his way,
 But the blind world called it dawn.

Love sat down by a wayside spring,
 Wearied and spent, too soon, too soon,
 And the birds in the trees had forgot to sing—
 But the blind world called it noon.

Love went over the hills again,
 Clutching the last torn shreds of light,
 And the blossoms fell in a sudden rain—
 But the blind world called it night.

J. B. G.

The Associate Somnambulists

A STORY OF MANHATTAN

I.



CERTAIN policeman, hearing an uproar in a tenement on X— Street, in the down-town, east-side portion of the city, had broken into some rooms on the sky floor and there found a crowd of men “glorious,” making merry in strange costume, with a dead man propped up on a table in the center of the room, surrounded by pyramids of empty bottles and corks.

At the sight of the policeman (whom we must excuse if he was startled into inaction for a moment at the odd roomful he beheld), the fellows made a dash for a back door, and all managed to escape except a middle-aged man, who, it was evident, either was stunned at the sight of the worthy officer of the law, or was too far gone in liquor to care whether he was arrested or not. So, since the house was not on the precinct captain's list of immune places (*i.e.* places, which, for a stipend paid monthly to the captain through his ward man, were relieved from the vigilance of the incorruptible stewards of the law), the honest patrol unhesitatingly pulled both the quick and the dead and on the following (or, rather, later in the same) morning haled them both before the magistrate.

"Shure," said the policeman, in making his charge, "whin I bruk' in th' dhure, ther' wuz er bunch uv lads settin' 'round th' room like a thribe of injins, whrapped in all sorts of blankets, ivry mother's bye of thim, an' taypesthries like yez says on th' wall; an' nightcaps on ivry he'd—but they were nothin' to th' nightcaps that were floodin' down th' gullets uv the bastes! And in th' center, a-settin' on th' tayble as large as loife, wuz th' sthiff there, as naked as yure he'd (beggin' yure aner's pardon!), but fur a dhirty blanket that had fallen off, an' lookin' for all the wor-ld like a chicken with th' faythers tuk off. Thin quicker than a rayporther wan of thim sees me and shouts, *cavey!* or some such Dootch worrd, and they all makes off inter th' nixt room, like raybel Filipinos, an' I afther thim. But divil a wan could I foind there, and divil a dhure for thim to get out—they had disappeared as cute as Cr-roker himsilf. So I goes back and pinches this wan an' th' corrpse—and here they are."

The magistrate now turned to the prisoner. But as that

individual, from the effects of the night's debauch, had fallen asleep as soon as the officer began his arraignment, and was now breathing lustily, the judge ordered the policeman to wake him. This the good officer proceeded to do with such vigor as to break one of the man's ankles. After the bone had been set the magistrate commanded the prisoner to give a full account of himself, and after some hesitation, he began this extraordinary narrative :

THE FLOOR-WALKER'S TALE.

My name is Thomas Haddock and I was born on the twenty-ninth of February, 1856, in Trolleyville on the Gowanus, of wealthy but honest parents. At the age of sixteen, since I was about to break down from overstudy (for I was ever an industrious youth), the family doctor prescribed for me a complete rest and entire immunity from books, so I was immediately sent to Princeton College (of which you may possibly have heard) in order to rehabilitate. While there I became well grounded in baseball, football, and the other classics, and obtained a fair knowledge of beer and tobacco. In short, I was in a fair way to become a big man in my college, when my father suddenly lost his fortune and I was compelled to leave my rural seat of learning and shift for myself. My father, who was then president of a trolley-line in his native village, had got into a fight with the local Labor Union because he had refused to raise conductors' wages two cents per mile and would not sign the three-hour-working-day agreement. The papers all took up the cause of the down-trodden workingman, the municipal government was indifferent because father had not contributed to the last campaign fund, and suddenly one day the trolley business went up like a balloon—and all my

father's eggs in the basket. The blow almost killed father. In the following year he died and my dear mother soon followed him to Greenwood.

Vowing eternal vengeance upon all trolley conductors and motormen, I walked across the big Bridge, and, with a Canadian dime in one pocket and a Walter Camp Football Guide in the other, I started into the great world. Hampered by my lack of education, I experienced all degrees of starvation and poverty. Finally I raised enough money to purchase a little voiceless organette, and I became a professional blind man on Twenty-third Street, where I played what ought to have been *Annie Laurie* day after day. This pitiful but remunerative employment I pursued until 1895, when a philanthropic eye specialist (whose famous name I withhold) insisted upon taking me to his office to attempt my cure. Resistance and protestations were vain, so I allowed the good man to examine my eyes to his heart's content, which he did, taking copious notes. When he had finally completed his diagnosis to his entire satisfaction, and assured me that, though my case was a most extraordinary one, it was not absolutely incurable in the hands of modern science, I informed him that I was not blind at all, except professionally. At this the old gentleman was so astounded that I thought he would swoon. But finally he laughed heartily, seeming mightily pleased at my audacity, and told me I should have been a doctor, and that I was fitted for a better business than that of a blind man anyway. In a week he had procured me a position as floor-walker in the peanut and coffee department of Seacoop and Guller's big store, and there I have been doctoring the coffee ever since.

Now, while a blind man, since I had seen none of my old friends and had made no new ones, I had lived a retired life in the very select company of myself. My chief amusement

was working off the bad coins I received (and I assure you that they were many, for honest christians of both sexes are very generously disposed toward the blind when they have a counterfeit in their pockets), working them off, I say, on trolley conductors, against whom, as you know, I had a particular score to wipe out. Now, however, I began to strike up acquaintances about the store, and became especially interested in a young clerk in the shoe department, to whom I was first attracted by the splendor of the neckwear and waistcoats that adorned him. He appeared to be of excellent character and education, and we must have soon become good friends but for the fact that, though he seemed to fancy me, he always held me off more or less, and there was a certain impenetrability about him which I found it impossible to overcome. He seemed to say to my advances of friendship, "thus far and no further shalt thou go." He would dine with me occasionally, sometimes even come to my rooms of an evening on invitation, but never did he ask me to his. Finally I noticed that on certain days he would get down to the store very late, pale as a statue, with dark circles under his eyes and hands that trembled like a weather-vane. Later I observed that this occurred on the fourteenth morning of every month. The regularity of these sprees, as they evidently were, served to increase the mystery about the young man, and, hence, to deepen my interest in him. But not until last night was I able to obtain any glimpse into his private life, and that, I fear, only served to thicken, rather than rend, the veil.

Ever since I can remember I have been a somnambulist. When a boy I have often been caught, in the wee hours of the morning, by my vigilant mother (God rest her soul!) in the pantry, whither I had walked in the innocence and apparel of sleep, and, between snores, was quietly regaling myself with jam and marmalade; and many a sound thrashing did I get

in consequence, in spite of my protestations. But so strenuously have I fought this unfortunate habit, that, of late years, I have not been troubled by it. Walking about a floor all day seemed to take most of the subliminal ambitions for nocturnal ambles out of me.

Last night, wearied from a hard day's work, I sought bed very early. Having somehow a premonition of a return of my old habit, I locked my door and hid the key in the band of my hat, so that, if I did walk during the night, I should be unable to leave the room. Feeling secure in this simple expedient, which I had tried with success before, I quickly composed myself to rest. My last thought, I remember, was that to-night was the night when my friend the clerk was due to have his good time.

I awoke with a draught of cold air against my ankles, and found myself, clothed picturesquely in pajamas, night-cap, felt slippers, and a blanket over my shoulders, in a deserted street in a strange part of the city. There was no moon, the sky was inky black, and a warm, faint, sticky mist clung low to the ground. Miles and miles, as it seemed, of silent red tenements shut in the straight lane of yellow asphalt, which stretched away into the misty distance, unrelieved except by the dull, red eye of a gas lamp here and there.

"I am asleep," I decided, and was about to pinch myself to make sure, when, suddenly, what should I spy, to my vast astonishment, rounding the corner, but a tall, dark man, dressed in a costume which was almost identical with my own and dragging along with him the stark naked body of a young man, thin almost to emaciation. The fellow almost ran me down before he saw me, and then, looking up suddenly he eyed me with the utmost terror, almost dropping his burden. To my horror I saw that he was none other but the young clerk, and I could do nothing but stare stupidly at him and

the gruesome burden he dragged, and cry, in low tones, "Is he dead? Is he dead?"

"Hush!" he whispered, "Yes. Help me along with him or I shall be taken." He seemed to be terribly scared, glancing nervously on all sides and trembling violently in every limb. Yet again a certain look of triumph that was almost awful to witness shot into his face and he would become as firm as a rock.

Without a word I took up the bare feet of the corpse and, he taking the head and leading, straight on through that interminable naked street, in dumb silence, we proceeded. On! On! The ankles I carried were cold and clammy in my hands. I began to have wild misgivings about this terrible promenade I was engaged in. Was I becoming a party to a foul crime? I remembered with a shudder the horrible glare of triumph that had come into the clerk's eyes. And what, I wondered, was our destination? However, I dared not ask a question of him who was now striding ahead as inscrutable as fate itself. It was all so queer! * * * * * Then suddenly the thought came that I might be mad. This was an easy solution of the whole weird business, and, on this basis, coming around to a more cheerful mood of thinking, I determined to see the affair out at any cost. If I *am* mad, I thought, why worry about it; one might as well be a cheerful lunatic. I suddenly discovered what a very ludicrous figure the clerk cut, trudging ahead with a huge blanket flapping about his pajamas and a yellow night-cap on his head. Ha! Ha——!

"Hell!" cried the clerk suddenly, and I looked ahead. I saw a man, it must be a policeman, a few blocks ahead and walking toward us on his beat. There was a tenement entrance almost at our right hands. The clerk tried the door—it was unlocked. We entered into the narrow, pitchy black

passage, shut the door and squeezed back against the wall. Soon we heard the leisurely footfall on the street coming nearer.

Then suddenly the door swung slowly open. "The damned wind," I whispered, squirming back. "O, my God!" moaned the clerk.

The officer, seeing the door open, stopped suddenly in front of the house. Then he came and peered into the hallway. I almost smiled to myself for, in that blackness, he had no more sight than a mole. He reached in his pocket and took out a match. My heart beat so loudly that it echoed in my ears in that straight, still place like hammers striking against the walls. He struck—the match broke. He could not find another. At last (to us it was an hour), he shut the door and the sound of his walking slowly died away.

Soon, when the coast was clear, in great trepidation we resumed our journey. Luckily there was but little more to go for we presently turned into a side street, and the clerk, without hesitation, plunged into the dark hallway of a tall, rickety, yellow building. We stumbled up flight after flight of loose stairs, dark as Egypt, until finally, panting like dogs, we halted on the top floor in front of a door from the other side of which came the din of voices, loud and merry, and tinkling glasses.

The clerk knocked thrice on a panel at which the noises suddenly ceased and in a moment a loud bass voice chanted "*Dominus vobiscum.*" To this the clerk bawled in the same chant "*Et cum Spiritu Tuo,*" at which the door was thrown open letting out a blinding blaze of light. When my eyes were relieved I saw a square room all done in black, whose two windows were curtained in sable. The chairs were also black as was a huge table, strewn with black bottles, in the center of the room, and the only decoration was a gruesome picture of Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene,

which hung in an ebony frame over the black mantel. But what astounded me most, and practically convinced me of my insanity, was the fact that the dozen men, who, with filled glasses in their hands, stood in silence about the room, were attired precisely as the clerk and myself, in slippers, nightcaps, and blankets of every hue.

The door was locked behind us, the clerk mounted the table, and using it as a rostrum, thus addressed the strange assemblage :

“Brothers, fellow members of the Associate Somnambulists,” he cried, wiping his dripping countenance with his sleeve and looking longingly toward several bottles still *intacta* on the mantel, “two things have ye long wanted in vain—a recruit for our association, and a corpse, so that the sacred burial rites of our order may be observed. Dear Brothers” continued the clerk solemnly, with tears of triumph in his eyes, “these both have I brought you ; and, as you love me, pass me the whisky.”

And then, you may be sure there was a wild uproar and hurrah. I was half stupefied by this time from the weirdness of it all, and some one pushed a glass of liquor into my hand, saying, “Drink, man ! You are as pale as parchment.” Then all the dear associates crowded around and were introduced. And each must drink my health with me, separately, and then we must all drink the corpse’s health, and the clerk’s, and, at last, we must all drink one for the corpse, because he, poor fellow, could not drink with us himself. * * * * * So, finally, whether I was myself, the clerk or the corpse, awake, asleep or mad, I scarcely knew and didn’t care. And the next thing I remember was that this gentleman (indicating the policeman) appeared from nowhere in particular and took me in charge.

The magistrate turned wearily in his chair and sighed.

“Mr. Haddock,” he said, earnestly, “with that talent for romance you should be an advertising agent or a prize-fighter at least. Your story is a beauty, but——”

“Ah, sir,” broke in the floor-walker, “you may not believe me, but, were the clerk only here, I feel sure he would corroborate every syllable I have spoken and clear up this awful mystery. And,” he added, suddenly, “there he is now.”

And the court turned to see a tall, dark young man, the most conspicuous part of whose apparel were a pink-and-green four-in-hand tie and a buff waistcoat sprinkled with scarlet fleur-de-lys, approaching the desk.

[*The CLERK'S STORY will be found in the thrilling continuation of this story in the next number of the Morningside.*]

Harold Kellock.

Pater Vincit

Reginald Clark was a lad seditious,
Who heeded ne'er his father's wishes ;
Clark, senior, led him to the wood-shed,
And frightful was the flesh-and-blood-shed.

Meudon

Oh Meudon's forest heart is green,
Its ways are deep and shady,
With oh, what lanes the leaves between,
To lead and love a lady !

Ah, I have led my lady there
And loved the livelong day,
And whispered all my heart to her
Until the light grew gray.

Heigho, that ever light grows gray
And hearts grow gray with sorrow,
That ladies' love lives but a day,
And Meudon has a morrow !

W. A. B.




RESIDENT LOW has returned with honor from the International Peace Conference. And now, O, Joint High Commission, let there be no peace until the undergraduates get their College House!

As the last crew crossed the line at Poughkeepsie this spring, a Pennsylvania man, on a Pennsylvania boat, drawled lazily through a megaphone to the big Columbia crowd on the *Cepheus*: "Now you men on the *Serious*, give us a pale-blue Columbia cheer." However, at that particular moment the Columbia contingent was not in a cheering mood. Our crew, repeating its performance of the three previous years, had finished last.* Now, far be it from us to cast slurs upon the men who composed that crew. All Columbia men feel sure that they trained and rowed conscientiously to the limit of their ability. But they did not win. And what their defeat demonstrated beyond cavil was the fact that a winning crew, with efficient substitutes, cannot be picked from a little over a dozen candidates.

Wherefore, all ye sulky Achilles and petty undergraduate politicians who dabble in the treacherous stream of university politics, give ear! Any man who refuses to "come out" for anything because he or his "faction" (God help us that such things should be!) is "sore," is committing an *act of disloyalty*

*In '97 Pennsylvania courteously sank after the two-mile mark.

to his university. Any man or faction that works to put a "friend" into a position (such as "manager" or "captain" or "president" or member of a powerful committee), when there is another man obviously more competent in every way to fill the place, is committing a *sin* against his university. And to such vermin, in the name of honesty we would say, "Depart from us, ye cursed, for the sight of you is loathsome to us and ye are as a stench in our nostrils!" So let us all remember that we are working not for the renown of our puny selves, or to advance the power of any miserable clique, but for the honor and glory of Columbia. And if we all pull together disinterestedly this year, with this in mind, there will soon be no flag ahead of the Blue and White, be it on water, track or field.

ALL hail to those who now come tripping lightly o'er the gridiron on blue-white feet! Now will the pigskin sail high in air! Behold our backs rush down the field! Why, man, you're as pale as a lemon! Toss away your books and quit the awful grind. Nonsense! you're not overcut! Quick! Bring your lungs and come to the game, fellow, come to the game!

THE plateau upon which this University is situated has been known, ever since it was officially given a name, as Morning-side Heights, and as such it is legally nominated by the city authorities. Obviously any attempt by private authority or corporation to call it otherwise is not only impertinent but illegal. But nevertheless, our naïve ecclesiastical neighbors down the road, with inexplicable arrogance, have erected at intervals a number of glaring signs, which proclaim to the passing world that this is "Cathedral Heights." "Cathedral Heights," indeed! If the naming were a mere question of

private right the plateau should rather be called Columbia Heights for we have the priority both of discovery and occupation ; or, again, why brand it Cathedral Heights rather than Dietrich's Heights, after the high class family vaudeville establishment across the way from the good Bishop's place. But publicly to designate it by any name other than Morningside Heights is a contravention of the law ; it is an act of unfairness toward the other residents of the heights ; it causes strangers to recall the place by a name it does not bear : and the name "Cathedral Heights" becomes an absurdity when we remember that all that is to show of the cathedral, after four years building, is a single, bare, hideous arch. Truly the mind that conceived those signs was infected by some lingering germs of the old Bloomingdale.

So the signs, being unnecessary, absurd and unlawful, should come down. It is the duty, we suggest, of the Senior class in the college, representing undergraduate opinion in the matter, to protest to the cathedral authorities against this impertinent stigmatization of our plateau. If such pacific measure should fail of result, why, by the aid of a saw and some rope, the offensive signs could be easily and silently removed.—*Verbum sap!*



Song

Through the night I dream of her,
When the heart-thoughts people the sleeping world,
And all the glad thoughts seem of her,
And the sad, with the hope of her are pearled ;
But I long for the light
That will lead to her,
When I dream of her, through the night.
From the dark, full of the dawn,
Where the silence fades into laughter ;
And the shadows fall on the lawn
And the light comes after ;
Where the trees follow the breeze
And lean to its flight—
My thoughts speed to her,
And my heart follows, through the night.

John Erskine.

In Lumine Perpetuo

How couldst thou know this world is sometimes drear,
Who in thyself art more than earthly light ?
To thee alone the darkness comes not near ;
Only the sun has never looked on night.

John Erskine

A Victim of Circumstances

ACT I.

Scene: The Garrick Theatre, on the night of Wednesday, January 23d, just fifteen minutes after the curtain rises.

Enter Mrs. Cavendish Cabot, the Misses Cabot, Miss Mabel Greenough and Miss Alyff Rook, attended respectively by Col. Livingston Gordon, Messrs. Prentice Averill, Ellery Townsend, Allmister Green and Creighton Sutton.

(The usual commotion caused by getting suitably arranged, and the disturbances caused by the removal of sundry overcoats, hats and wraps.)



RS. C. C. (*breathlessly*). "I wonder what it's all about! What a funny scene! It looks half finished!"

Miss Rook. "Oh! if we only had a programme! I always miss beginnings. Never finish dinner, you know."

C. Sutton. "Of course. I'll just go and see if I can get a programme. They must have them at the door."

(*Goes back.*)

Miss Greenough (as Zaza and Dufrene enter the former's dressing-room). "What *are* they doing? Oh, Mrs. Cabot! He is in her dressing-room."

Mrs. C. C. (callously). "Oh, they think nothing of that behind the scenes, I believe."

Miss Greenough (slyly to Mr. Green). "Did you ever go behind the scenes, like that?"

A. Green. "Really, Miss Greenough, I am not in the habit of associating with actresses——"

(*Re-enter C. Sutton with programmes.*)

C. Sutton. "Here you are (*distributes them*). (*To Mrs. C. C.*) I'm a little afraid that Zaza's a very shocking young woman, Mrs. Cavendish."

Mrs. C. C. (smiling incredulously). "Not really?"

Miss Rook. "Oh, this is a vaudeville stage in Paris. How interesting! (*Leaning forward*) Oh, Mabel, did you go to the Imperial at Paris?"

Miss Greenough. "Certainly not."

(*As the scene progresses, the ladies begin to study their programmes and finger-nails assiduously. Silence, except for the ill-suppressed giggling of the youngest Miss Cavendish.*)

Col. L. G. (to Mrs. C. C. in a whisper). "I think, Caroline, I'll just ask Milnor about this. I see him a few rows down."

(*Goes down.*)

Miss Greenough (suddenly). "Oh, really!"

(*All the ladies rise in disgust.*)

Miss Greenough. "Take me out, Allmister."

Miss Rook. "We really must go, Creigh."

Miss Enid Cavendish (to P. Averill). "I don't see why they all object."

Col. L. G. (returning). "Yes, Caroline. I think you are right, ladies. Let's adjourn to Sherry's."

Mrs. C. C. "But the carriages won't be here till eleven."

Miss Rook. "Let's go up in the cars. It'll be such fun."

(*Exeunt.*)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT II.

Scene: A private dining-room at Sherry's.

Enter *Mrs. C. C.* and party followed by *Manager*.

Manager (bowing). "But, Madam, nothing has been arranged. Supper was ordered for twelve o'clock."

Mrs. C. C. (composedly). "Of course we shall have to wait, but do hurry them up all you can."

Manager. "As you wish, Madam."

(*Exit, bowing.*)

Mrs. C. C. (to Miss Greenough). "Won't you play something, dear? We shall have to wait a little while."

(Miss Greenough seats herself at the piano, and begins. The rest of the party distribute themselves about the room and converse in low tones, except Mr. A. Green, who leans admiringly on the piano.)

Miss Greenough (between the trills). "Who was Mrs. Cavendish, anyway? How queer of her to take us to such a play."

Mr. Green. "I think she was born 'up the State,' as they say. But have you heard about Gussie Brunner's shocking conduct with Bradshaw——?"

P. Averill (to Miss Enid C.). "What a great improvement this is on the old Sherry's!"

Miss E. C. (a very young bud). "I never went there."

P. Averill. "Oh!" *(Relapses into silence.)*

Miss Janet C. "Don't you like soda water, Mr. Townsend? I think Huyler's chocolate is just too lovely!" *(They converse animatedly.)*

Miss Rook. "I felt all the time that play was horrid. Didn't you, Creigh?"

C. Sutton. "Yes, I was afraid it would turn out badly. But are you going to the Commorford's on Monday?"

Miss Rook. "No. But do such awful people really exist as Zaza?"

C. Sutton (knowingly). "I'm afraid they do, Alyff. But the less we know about them the better."

Miss Rook. "The idea of all those people staying through that play!"

C. Sutton. "It really is terrible, the runs such plays have. And such nice people think nothing of them. It is really hard to take an optimistic view of the stage, anyway. Have you met Florence Granger's fiancé——?"

Mrs. C. C. (suddenly). "I forgot all about the carriages. They will wait forever in front of that horrid theatre."

(All the gentlemen rise.)

Mrs. C. C. "You used to have our coachman. Mr. Sutton, would you mind?"

C. Sutton (smiling with wonderful control). "Delighted, I am sure, Mrs. Cabot. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Col. L. G. "Here are the cheques, my boy."

(Exit C. Sutton.)

Col. L. G. (to Mrs. C. C., as the guests re-settle themselves).

"Sutton and Steph. Rook's daughter seem to hit it off pretty well. There is a rumor that they're engaged."

Mrs. C. C. (who has designs of her own on young C. S.).

"Oh, I hardly think so. She seems a silly young thing."

[CURTAIN.]

ACT III.

Scene: Drawing-room of Rook mansion at half after five on the afternoon of Sunday, January 27th.

Curtain rises, finding Miss Rook seated at a low tea-table near the fire, and Messrs. Royal Bluff and Renggie Railer facing her on sufficiently fragile gilt chair to make the situation interesting.

Miss Rook (handing him a cup of tea). "Now I do hope that's strong enough, Mr. Bluff. These tea balls are really a terrible nuisance. *Won't* you have some of my chocolate cake, Mr. Railer? It is a little sticky, but then you'd think it came from Sherry's or Wall's or somewhere, and wouldn't believe I made it at all, if it were perfect."

Mr. Railer (having succeeded in daubing his hands with chocolate). "Delicious! Miss Rook. How successful your cooking-school must be. Do you make sandwiches yet, and toast?"

Miss Rook (indignantly). "Now you're making fun of me. Why, I knew how to make sandwiches long before I went to cooking-school."

Mr. Bluff. "I shall have to come round there about tea time some afternoon and dispose of some of the experiments for you."

Miss Rook. "Oh, that would be lovely of you! But they wouldn't let you in, I'm afraid."

Mr. Bluff. "Oh, all your girls' things are so exclusive. I suppose when Lent begins we won't even see you at the theatre."

Miss Rook. "Well, I've had quite enough of the theatre for the present. Oh, no, I don't mean that."

Mr. Railer. "What's that? What's that? Had quite enough of the theatre; what *do* you mean?"

Miss Rook. "Oh, nothing, only I'm disgusted with it for the present."

Mr. Bluff. "Come, tell us all about it. Didn't you like the play?"

Miss Rook. "No; it was horrid. I didn't know they had such things."

Mr. Railer. "When have you been to the *Dewey*?"

Mr. Bluff. "I know what it was—Zaza. I saw it last week. I don't care what you say, there were lots of people you know there."

Miss Rook (incredulously). "Oh, no! Really!"

Mr. Bluff. "Why, there was Charlie Redmond, and Harry Barrett, and Bertie Leverich, and Creigh Sutton, and Sidney Merrill, and lots of them."

Miss Rook. "Oh, no! How could you have seen them all?"

Mr. Bluff. "Why, we all came out together. By the way, you must have seen Creigh Sutton later on. He told me he had to go up to Sherry's to a supper, and mentioned that you and Miss Greenough were there."

Mr. Railer. "Perhaps you went the same night, Miss Rook. Oh, these girls, Roy (*bell rings*). I really think we'll have to be moving. Hope to see you at the Fortnightly. Don't be late; we want to get good seats. Good-bye."

(*As they go out Creighton Sutton enters.*)

Bluff and Railer (as they pass him). "Hullo!"

C. Sutton. "Hullo! going? How do, Alyff? Well, I hope you recovered from the effects of that fatal Wednesday night. I never saw you so cross as you were all through supper."

Miss Rook (stiffly). "I'm glad *you* enjoyed it."

C. Sutton. "What, your being cross, or the play?"

Miss Rook. "I mean the play. You liked it so much that you went back on purpose to see it. No, don't apologize. I am not your conscience, of course, but I only thought that—that when you'd told me what you thought about it you wouldn't go right back, as soon as you had a chance, to stay to the end——"

C. Sutton. "By Jove! Alyff, I didn't care for the con-founded play, I only went in to get warm. Anyway, you can't expect a man to go through life with his eyes closed."

Miss Rook. "No; but he needn't go about seeking for trash, like that play, to gaze at. Oh, do let's talk about something else. Are you going out of town to the Macurdey's over Sunday?"

C. Sutton. "No; but, Alyff, I do want you to know that——"

Miss Rook. "Oh, please don't. It really makes no difference. (*Enter Mr. Torpish Bland.*) How do you do, Mr. Bland—so glad to see you."

Mr. Bland. "So sorry to interrupt so charming a tête-a-tête. Do go on."

Miss Rook. "Mr. Sutton was just explaining how these

new automobile carriages work. Don't you think they're lovely?"

Mr. Bland. "Yes; had one all last summer. Ran it myself, you know, without a man."

Miss Rook. "How clever! But did you hear what Dr. Dix said last Sunday about flying? It would cease to be a novelty in Heaven? Yes."

Mr. Bland. "You heard about that, Sutton?"

Miss Rook (hurriedly). "Oh, no. Mr. Sutton finds other places more attractive than church. I am afraid we shall have to cease numbering him among the social saints."

Mr. Bland. "Too bad—terrible down-fall, Sutton."

Miss Rook. "Oh, are you going, Mr. Sutton? I am afraid we shall not meet again before I start for Asheville. Mamma and I are off on Tuesday. Good-bye."

C. Sutton. "Good-bye. Good-b—bye."

(*Exit.*)

Mr. Bland. "Poor Sutton. I'm afraid he's done for. Looks horribly. Drinks, you know."

Miss Rook. "Really? But let's talk of something more interesting. Have you seen Chartran's portrait of Elsie Duane?"

Mr. Bland. "No. How is it? Pretty, I 'spose?"

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How beautiful, 'round D—rl—ng's doors,
 Is Autumn's grand display.
 The lawns are clipped by janitors,
 For which the students pay.

The trees stand high, the leaves are green,
 And balmy is the air ;
 But sundry blithesome signs are seen,
 Which read "No thoroughfare."

And solemn Seniors stand apart,
 And chant beneath the foliage,
 "He is the Darling of my heart,
 And he lives on our College."

* Mr. Darling has left us: the House is still there.

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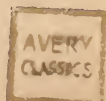
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